

His wife kept her mouth half-open all the time and was always the first to laugh. The pale girlfriend of The Beard tried to laugh before her once but Big Breasts was too quick and The Little Poet had to start his joke all over again.

The Big Poet and The Novelist sat in the other room and watched television.

Henry James
Fails The Phone Company's Vocabulary Test

"Can you think of a word that means a place where an artist works?" asked the personnel manager.

"Certainly," said Henry James, "atelier."

"I'll ask you to name some foreign countries in a minute, Hank, but right now garret would of got you through that one. Try and put your mind to it this time and tell me what you call a man who's good at sitting around after dinner and keeping folks entertained.

"Deipnosophist," said Henry James.

"Well, that's closer, anyway; some of those guys do drink too much. I would've taken story-teller, Hank, okay? In fact I would've been satisfied with all around good Joe. Once more now: what do we call the young people who fly all over the world looking for fun?"

"Jeunesse dorree."

"Just a minute. I'm sure Janie What'shername's story would be very interesting and to tell you the truth I'd like to hear a little about what those jet-setters do up there for hours, but it's the company's time and not mine. And speaking of time, I can save us both a lot of it if I just come right out and tell you in all honesty that I don't think you'd really fit in here at Ding Dong Bell. Isn't there something else you might be happy at?"

"I have written with a considerable amount of success."

"Then I'd say write again. And if your parents won't send you any more, try uncles. What are relatives for, right? And if you want that personal touch, there are special rates after 6:00 and on the weekends."

"You're a coprophagous fellow," said Henry James.

"It's the suit that does it," said the personnel manager.
"This baby is imported from England."